

Zeke Hecker was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1947, and attended the Lawrenceville School and Harvard College. Since 1971 he has lived in Guilford, Vermont, and taught English at Brattleboro Union High School. He is principal oboist of the Pioneer Valley Symphony and the Windham Orchestra, co-founder of Friends of Music at Guilford, and a member of the board of directors of the Consortium of Vermont Composers. Primarily self-taught as a composer, Zeke Hecker has written over 90 works, including several operas. His works have been performed by the aforementioned musical organizations as well as the many others around the country. He is interested in those realms where words and music meet. See his profile at the [Kalvos Domain website](https://www.kalvosdomain.com).

English translation from *Heine's poem, the North Sea, translated by Howard Mumford Jones* (Chicago, Open Court Pub. Co., 1916)

Meeresstille	Peace at sea
<p>Meeresstille! Ihre Strahlen Wirft die Sonne auf das Wasser, Und im wogenden Geschmeide Zieht das Schiff die grünen Furchen.</p>	<p>Peace at sea! In tranquil splendor Shines the sun upon the water, And through undulating jewels Plows the ship in emerald furrows.</p>
<p>Bei dem Steuer liegt der Bootsmann Auf dem Bauch, und schnarchet leise. Bei dem Mastbaum, segelflickend, Kauert der beteerte Schiffsjung'.</p>	<p>By the rudder lies the steersman On his belly, lightly snoring; By the mast the tarry ship's boy Squats while patching up the canvas.</p>
<p>Hinterm Schmutze seiner Wangen Sprüht es rot, wehmütig zuckt es Um das breite Maul, und schmerzlich Schaun die großen, schönen Augen.</p>	<p>Underneath the dirt it reddens On his cheek, and sorrow quivers Round his big, broad mouth and sadly Shine his great eyes, wide and lovely.</p>
<p>Denn der Kapitän steht vor ihm, Tobt und flucht und schilt ihn: "Spitzbub!" Spitzbub! einen Hering hast du Aus der Tonne mir gestohlen!"</p>	<p>For the captain stands before him, Storms and swears and scolds the culprit: "Rascal, you have stolen a herring From my barrel, thieving rascal!"</p>
<p>Meeresstille! Aus den Wellen Taucht hervor ein kluges Fischlein, Wärmt das Köpfchen in der Sonne, Plätschert lustig mit dem Schwänzchen.</p>	<p>Peace at sea! Above the water Leaps a crafty little sea-fish, Warms his body in the sunlight, Splashes with his tail-fin gayly.</p>
<p>Doch die Möwe, aus den Lüften, Schießt herunter auf das Fischlein, Und den raschen Raub im Schnabel, Schwingt sie sich hinauf ins Blaue.</p>	<p>Now a seagull from the breezes Swoops upon the little sea-fish; In his beak the squirming plunder Wings upon a voyage to heaven.</p>